

## SEVEN LITTLE GIRLS PLEAD TO GO FREE.

Taken by Gerry Society Men  
While Selling Papers in  
City Hall Park.

Create Much Excitement and Weep  
Bitterly While at the Police  
Station.

OFFICERS GIVEN A HARD TUSSELE.

Pitiful Attempt of Thirteen-Year-Old Max  
Gruberman to Rescue His Sister  
from a Situation He Could  
Not Comprehend.

Seven dirty little newsgirls, down whose  
cheeks the tears coursed in comparatively  
clean streaks, sobbed heavily in the dimly  
lighted back room of the City Hall Police  
Station yesterday afternoon and called  
for their mamma in Italian, German,



Hebrew and English. They were captured  
in a raid in the City Hall Park, made by  
Agents Pizarra and Kling, of the Gerry So-  
ciety.

The capture of the little newsgirls was  
attended with considerable excitement.  
Some of them lay down when the agents  
and Park Policeman Warren seized them,  
and had to be carried bodily to the station-  
house, screaming and kicking, but clinging  
desperately to their bundles of newspapers.  
The little women cried so hard that they  
could not tell their names for a long time.  
There was one little woman among them  
who did not cry, and asked the carry  
agent if she would let her go in time to go  
home for supper, or whether she would be  
provided with supper by the society. She  
was Anna Grosso, aged eleven years, but  
easily 111 in experience. She lives at No.  
39 Baxter street. Anna is a pretty child,  
in spite of her dirty dress.

Through her the agents convinced the  
others that they were not to be locked up  
in chains, and they succeeded in getting  
their names. They were Maria Ferrar, 13  
years, of No. 18 Roosevelt street; Anna  
Stenler, twelve years, of No. 204  
Cherry street; Maria Accorito, thirteen  
years, of No. 18 Roosevelt street; Lizzie  
Reinberg, ten years, of No. 6 Monroe  
street; Ida, her sister, eleven years old,  
and Sarah Gruberman, ten years, of No.  
48 Chrystie street. Where the children  
were reluctant the eleven-year-old Miss  
Grosso persuaded them to give the neces-  
sary information.

"You see," she said to the agent, "Maria's  
father is a deaf and dumb organ grinder,  
and she can't be expected to know very  
much, can she? My father has a push-  
cart, and that takes him to the place where  
he is to make anything with a push-cart,  
don't you? The trouble is that all the  
money my father gets he spends in the  
saloons, and my mamma is too respectable  
to work. She is good to me, but I wish  
she would get a little less respectable."

Sarah Gruberman, ten years old, is the  
smallest of the seven. She is a curly-  
headed tot, whose face was sadly streaked  
with dirt, and she does not speak a word  
of English. She has a crippled and half-  
idiot brother, Max, thirteen years old,  
whom the diminutive Sarah escorts to the  
City Hall Park each pleasant day from  
their dirty home at No. 48 Chrystie street.  
Max is able to walk and sell papers, but  
he cannot cross crowded thoroughfares  
alone. When Sarah was arrested the hero  
blood in the crippled and half-idiot boy  
began to boil. Laboriously he dragged  
himself to the station house and wormed  
his way about in the crowd in a vain at-  
tempt to see his sister. He craned his  
neck at doors and windows and could  
hear her sobbed notes, but could not  
catch so much as a glimpse of her. Then  
he shut his misshapen jaws with determi-  
nation, grasped his unsold papers firmly  
and boldly entered the station house. He  
was so little that the sergeant at the desk  
did not see him. Guided by the sister's  
cries, he sidled to the back room and was  
among the captured newsgirls before he  
was discovered. Then he threw his arms  
about his sister and clung to her, and his  
thin arms had to be removed by force.  
He fought and shouted indignantly as  
they hustled him out of the station, and  
picked up and returned his papers to him.  
But he did not go away.

The sobbing in the back room had nearly  
ceased when the new wagon of the Gerry  
Society was backed up to the station house  
door. Then the sobbing broke out afresh,  
and even Anna Grosso cried a little, "be-  
cause," she explained apologetically, "I  
don't like to ride through the streets in  
that thing, just as if I had done some-  
thing crooked."

The dwarf boy, who had been hidden in  
the crowd, chose a place near the foot-  
board of the wagon and awaited un-  
der the coming of the sad little band. They  
were lifted in one by one. Then Agent  
Pizarra and a policeman climbed in be-  
hind. That was the dwarf's opportunity.  
He threw his bundle of papers away into  
the wagon among the newsgirls and  
climbed up as the wagon started. A police-  
man seized him around the body and the  
wagon went on with his sister and papers.  
The poor child set up a pitiful cry. That  
soon had the effect of doubling the crowd.  
Kind women gave him money and asked  
him what was the matter, but it is a part  
of Max's infirmity that he cannot speak  
so as to be understood. Two sympathetic  
newsgirls, to the best of their ability, per-  
formed duty as escorts in the place of  
the sister.



## EDWIN PARDRIDGE DEAD.

"Plunger Ed," the Most Daring Wheat  
Operator of His Day, Succumbs  
to Bright's Disease.

Chicago, April 17.—Edwin Partridge,  
prominent for years as a heavy bear trader  
on 'Change, died at 11:15 o'clock to-day at  
his residence, No. 2838 Prairie avenue, of  
Bright's disease. His death was not unex-  
pected and he was surrounded by members  
of his household. For several weeks Mr.  
Partridge had been suffering from this  
malady, which resulted in general complica-  
tions. He was sixty years of age.

Of late Mr. Partridge's operations have  
been insignificant, as the precarious con-  
dition of his health has kept him out of  
the market, and his death had very little  
influence on values. It is understood that  
his fortune was divided some weeks ago  
and turned over to his wife and children  
in such proportions as he desired.

Mr. Partridge thirty years ago was one  
of the leading dry goods merchants in this  
city. Fifteen years ago he was one of the  
most aggressive stock operators in the  
country and one of the largest individual  
operators in the West. From heavy dealing  
in stocks he turned his attention to the  
grain market. During the last six years  
his operations in the wheat pit had been  
upon the most extraordinary scale. He  
justly earned the title of "Plunger Ed," so  
generally bestowed upon him.

Mr. Partridge's specialty was wheat.  
Trades in that cereal appeared to him to  
be most profitable, and it was no uncom-  
mon thing for him to deal in 3,000,000 to  
5,000,000 bushels in one day. At one mem-  
orable hour he was short 15,000,000 bush-  
els, and the pit contained apprehensive  
faces. Partridge's name was upon every  
lip. Was he to meet a Waterloo or was he  
to bag the biggest game of his career? Up  
the market soared—5, 8, and even 10 cents.  
Still the little Napoleon of the bears stood  
out on a great part of the 15,000,000 bush-  
els. He instinctively apprehended a rapid  
decline in the bolstered market. It came,  
and so sharply that no cover was left to  
the bulls.

The little operator made more money  
thereby than any man had ever before  
taken out of the market. The plunger's  
gains in one hour were estimated by con-  
servative operators to have reached the  
total of \$1,500,000. Almost equally large  
have been some of his losses, approaching  
the \$500,000 or \$800,000 mark in memorable  
speculations.

## FARO PLAYER AND X-RAYS.

Mr. Edison Gets a Proposition from a  
Gambler for a Device to Read  
the Second Card.

The cartoonist, the comedian with pale  
green whiskers, the soubrette and the  
paraphraser have had their fling at the X  
ray. It remained for  
the gambler to ad-  
vance seriously the  
idea of using the  
Roentgen discovery  
for the purpose of  
beating faro banks.

When Thomas A.  
Edison opened his  
mail yesterday one  
of the first letters  
looked at was from  
a man in what is  
known as a "hat"  
town in the oil re-  
gions of Pennsylvania,  
as follows:

Mr. Thomas A. Ed-  
ison, Menlo Park, N. J.  
Dear Sir: I write  
you to know if  
you can make me an  
X ray apparatus for  
beating faro banks.  
I would like to  
have it so I could wear  
it on my head and  
have it attached to  
spectacles or goggles,  
so I can tell the ad-  
vance of cards on a  
deck of playing cards  
turned face up. If you  
will make it for me let  
me know what it will  
cost. If I make a success  
out of it I will pay you  
\$5,000 extra in one  
year. Please keep this  
to yourself. If you  
can't make it will you  
be kind enough to give  
me Professor Roent-  
gen's address. Please  
let me hear from you  
at once.

"That's the best  
yet," said Mr. Ed-  
ison. "There's a fel-  
low doesn't want  
much; just wants to  
carry an electric  
light plant in his hip  
pocket and an X ray  
lamp in each eye to  
beat a hat town of it.  
Pennsylvania game,  
who is working over-  
time to satisfy my  
correspondent's de-  
sire to call the turn.  
He has probably di-  
agnosed that about  
the only way to beat  
the game is to do so  
with a club."

The Edison works  
receive on an aver-  
age five letters a  
day from "cranks"  
about the country  
wanting queer things  
made or offering sug-  
gestions in regard to  
improvements on ar-  
ticles manufactured  
at the works. They  
are all indexed and  
come in the letter  
cabinet.

## A BULLDOG CLUNG TO BALZER'S FACE.

Flatbush Man Has a Terrible  
Fight at Night with a  
Ferocious Brute.

After a Struggle He Threw the  
Animal from Him, but It  
Attacked Him Again.

This Time It Fastened Its Fangs in  
His Thigh, but Was Again  
Beaten Off by Balzer.

HIS BROTHER TO THE RESCUE.

he Latter Had a Gun Which He Handed  
to Balzer, Who Shot the Dog as It  
Was Preparing to Spring at  
Him a Third Time.

Henry Balzer, a well-known resident of  
the Flatbush Ward of Brooklyn, had a ter-  
rible experience with one of his prize bul-  
ldogs. The animal attacked Mr. Balzer and  
clung to his face until shot dead by the in-  
jured man himself, who only succeeded in  
doing so after a terrible struggle.

Balzer, who keeps a saloon and ice busi-  
ness at Grant and Lott streets, is a dog fan-  
cier. In a kennel in his yard he kept  
five magnificent dogs. Among them was  
the bulldog which figured in the exciting  
fracas, and which, appropriately enough,  
was named "Terror." "Terror" was really  
the property of William Maher, one of Mr.  
Balzer's neighbors, but has virtually been  
owned by the injured man, who has had  
the beast in his care several years. Aside  
from Mr. Balzer, who fed and oftentimes  
played with the brute, he would allow  
neither friend nor foe to enter the yard at  
night.

Mr. Balzer returned with his ice truck  
about six o'clock Thursday night and  
drove into the yard, although he  
knew the risk he was running. He  
sprang from the wagon and just touched  
ground when Terror crawled out of his  
house and jumped at his master.

The animal sank his sharp teeth into Mr.  
Balzer's side. By determined effort he  
managed to throw the dog down. The  
beast sprang at him again and caught him  
by the nose.

Mr. Balzer managed to shake the dog off  
and kicked it several feet in the  
air. At the same time he called for aid  
and his breech-loading shotgun.

His brother Adam heard Henry's shouts  
and suspecting what the trouble was  
seized his brother's gun and handed it to  
him, just as he again warded off another



## Four-Year-Old Maggie O'Brien, Who Crossed the Ocean Alone.

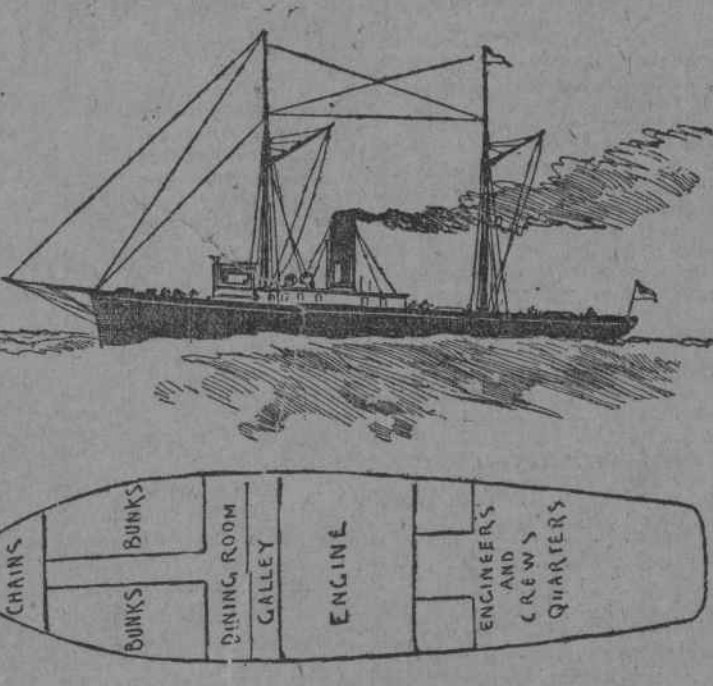
This little girl, who came all the way from Europe to Ellis Island on the  
steamship State of Nebraska, is Maggie O'Brien. She is four years old. She  
was taken away from the island yesterday by her aunt, Mrs. Johanna Scott,  
who lives at No. 156 Water street, Brooklyn. That will be her home in the  
future. Maggie's two older sisters have been living with Mrs. Scott for over  
a year, and came to America in the care of kind-hearted strangers, the same  
way that Maggie has done. Mrs. Scott said yesterday: "Maggie and her two  
older sisters, Johanna and Lizzie, were born in Coatbridge, Scotland, and  
lived with their parents until a year ago, when their mother, my sister, died,  
and they were left with no one to look after them but their father. I now  
have the three children with me and mean to keep them. I have also three  
children of my own."

attack the dog had made. Quick as a wink,  
and even though frenzied with pain and  
half blinded with blood, Balzer grabbed  
the gun and sent a load of No. 6 shot into  
the animal's side as he was about to make  
another spring.

While the shooting was in progress the  
other dogs, held by chains, were barking  
and making desperate efforts to help their  
master.

The charge literally tore Terror's body  
into shreds, and he toppled over dead.  
"My God," exclaimed the wounded man  
when he realized how horribly he had been  
bitten. "I am in awful pain."

His brother and several assistants in the  
ice business did what they could for the



## Model of the New Style of Harbor Pilot Boat.

The pilots of the port of New York have decided to abandon the use of  
sailing vessels altogether, and will award contracts soon for the construction  
of four steam craft to take the place of those now in use. The new pilot  
boat will be 152 feet in length, over all, 140 feet on the water line and 25 feet  
on the beam. The plans call for a boat completely equipped with the latest  
modern appliances for quick pilot service. It will be arranged to carry thirty  
pilots. The disappearance of sailing vessels has so diminished the number  
of ships coming into port, and increased their tonnage, that pilots say they  
can no longer make a living under the present system. The cruising ground  
is now limited to the territory inside Fire Island and Barnegat Light. One  
steam vessel stationed day and night on the bar, and eight sailing vessels,  
are now handling all the business of the port.

## M'KENNA TO ANSWER FOR USING HIS CLUB.

Policeman Held for Trial on  
a Charge of Assaulting  
Citizens.

Reputable Witnesses Tell How He  
Charged on the Crowd at  
a Harlem Fire.

ACTED LIKE A CRAZY MAN, THEY SAY.

The Persons He Arrested Discharged  
from Custody, and He Will Have  
to Stand Trial To-day—He  
Pleads Innocence.

Policeman Michael McKenna, attached to  
the East One Hundred and Fourth Street  
Station, was arraigned in the Harlem Po-  
lice Court, yesterday, on a charge of as-  
sault, preferred by Cornelius E. Lang, of  
No. 2254 First avenue. It was claimed that  
the policeman broke his night stick across  
the young man's legs. McKenna had  
three prisoners in court for disorderly con-  
duct and interfering with him in the dis-  
charge of his duty. The tables were  
turned on him, however, the prisoners  
discharged and the policeman was held for  
examination to-day.

A small fire occurred in a grocery store  
at One Hundred and Fifteenth street and  
First avenue on Thursday night. The fire  
was discovered by Policeman Fogarty, who  
was joined by his brother officer, Mc-  
Kenna. They broke the door open and  
soon had the fire out. When the policeman  
emerged from the building they were very  
hot and out of humor. A crowd had col-  
lected in the street and McKenna charged  
the crowd with drawn club, hitting right  
and left. He broke his night stick over  
one man, it is claimed, and left marks of  
his brutality on several others.

ACTED LIKE A CRAZY MAN.

He arrested John Hayden, an electrician,  
of No. 1022 East One Hundred and Thir-  
ty-eighth street, because he refused to  
move on. The crowd objected to the ar-  
rest, and Isaac Cherry, of No. 501 East  
One Hundred and Sixteenth street, and  
Joseph Harmon, of No. 2231 First avenue,  
were taken into custody by Policemen  
Bach and Brown. When the three pris-  
oners were brought before Magistrate Flan-  
mer, John J. McKenna, a bookkeeper, em-  
ployed in the meat factory at One Hun-  
dred and Sixteenth street and the East  
River, was called as a witness.

"I was standing near the place," said  
McKenna, "with Mr. Hayden and Julius  
Boettner, when I saw McKenna dart out  
of the grocery, striking right and left with  
his club. 'Get out of here,' said the po-  
liceman, brandishing his club. 'We're not  
doing anything,' said Hayden. 'Well, clear  
out, or I'll run you in,' replied the officer.  
'You're making a 4—fool of yourself,'  
said Boettner. 'I'll show you mugs,' an-  
swered McKenna, and he grabbed Hayden  
by the collar, struck him with the re-  
minder of his billy and then choked him."

"When McKenna approached Hayden,  
Boettner and myself. He was acting in  
such a wild and reckless way that Boet-  
tner, who knew him, began to remonstrate  
with him. 'Get out of here,' said the po-  
liceman, brandishing his club. 'We're not  
doing anything,' said Hayden. 'Well, clear  
out, or I'll run you in,' replied the officer.  
'You're making a 4—fool of yourself,'  
said Boettner. 'I'll show you mugs,' an-  
swered McKenna, and he grabbed Hayden  
by the collar, struck him with the re-  
minder of his billy and then choked him."

M'KENNA'S INNOCENT STORY.

H. C. Ayars, an architect and builder, of  
No. 402 East One Hundred and Fifteenth  
street, corroborated the story told by Mc-  
Kenna. Mr. Lang testified that McKenna  
had broken his club over him, and he ex-  
hibited a section of the club as evidence.

Policeman McKenna denied that he had  
used his club on anybody.

"When I arrived at the grocery," he  
said, "I found Policeman Fogarty trying to  
break in the door. I pulled out my club,  
and in pounding against the door it was  
split. We put the fire out. It was very  
hot, and Fogarty was overcome with smoke.  
I had to help him out. I met the crowd and  
told them to move on. Hayden said he  
didn't have to. I told him several times to  
do so, and he disobeyed me. Then I ar-  
rested him and put the alppers on him. I  
started to the station house, and the crowd  
hooted at me and jeered me. In that way  
my club fell out of my pocket. Cherry and  
Harmon ran up against me and tried to  
pull the prisoner away. I called Officers  
Bach and Brown, and the two men were  
arrested. A big crowd followed us to the  
station, and I thought we were going to be  
mobbed."

Magistrate Flannery discharged Hayden,  
Cherry and Harmon.

"You should have moved on when the  
policeman told you," said the Magistrate.  
"But I think you have suffered enough for  
your misconduct."

Cornelius E. Lang then charged Police-  
man McKenna with assault. The police-  
man asked for an examination, and it was  
set down for to-day.

McKenna was appointed on the force  
April 3, 1889. He is married and lives at  
No. 121 East One Hundred and Eighth  
street. Captain Westervelt, of the East  
River Station, said: "May 'At Home' in the  
stands up for him manfully. Acting In-  
spector Thompson has ordered the captain  
to make a full report of the case."

**PIERCE'S  
FAVORITE  
PRESCRIPTION  
FOR WEAK WOMEN.**

IF YOU RIDE A WHEEL.

You will be more than  
pleased with the Sun-  
day Journal's unri-  
valled Bicycle Page.  
Order it to-day.

## WAS RICH, NOW HOMELESS.

Broker Dowd Is So Poor That He Has  
No Place to Sleep and Is  
Shot at for a Burglar.

Jay Dowd, forty-seven years old, of No.  
377 Fourth avenue, who, up to 1891, was a  
member of the Consolidated Exchange, and  
a prosperous broker, was held in the York-  
ville Court yesterday afternoon, as a sus-  
picious person.

At 1 o'clock yesterday morning Dowd nar-  
rowly escaped death at the hands of citi-  
zens of East Twenty-fifth street. He  
claimed that he had nowhere to sleep and  
went into the area of what he thought was  
a vacant house, intending to get into the  
basement and rest. Just as he entered the  
house, by the area door, he heard some one  
moving on the upper floor, and hurried out.  
He was climbing over a backyard fence  
when a woman screamed, and a moment  
later a shower of bullets flew about his  
ears. He ran into an extension of George  
N. Shipley's house, at No. 64 Lexington  
avenue, and was found by the police trying  
to crawl under an ice chest.

Dowd's lawyer said he would prove by  
competent witnesses that his client was an  
honest man. He was told by the Court  
to have the witnesses on hand to-day.

Dowd, who was well-dressed and good  
looking, said:

"I am in hard luck. I've been in good  
circumstances and my checks have been  
honored for more than \$40,000. I have run  
behind all around lately, and when I left  
home yesterday my landlord said I must  
have my rent arrears when I came back at  
night or I wouldn't get it. I couldn't raise  
the money. I thought of this house that  
has been vacant for a long time, so I went  
in and was intending to spend the rest of  
the night. If I can have the opportunity, I  
can prove that I am a respectable man."

Lawyer Sidney J. Cowan, of No. 150 Na-  
saw street, said Dowd was all that he pro-  
posed to be.

## HAYS HAMMOND'S TRIAL.

It Will Open at Pretoria on Friday—Gard-  
ner Williams, Also an American,  
Out on Heavy Bail.

Cape Town, April 17.—John Hays Ham-  
mond, the American mining expert, mem-  
ber of the Reform Committee at Johannes-  
burg, returned to Pretoria from the Cape  
yesterday.

Mr. Hammond has been in poor health  
since his arrest. He gave bail for \$10,000,  
and came to the Cape to recruit.

The trial of the Reform Committee is  
fixed for April 24.

Mr. Gardner Williams, also an American  
citizen, and general manager of the De  
Beers Mining Company, who was arrested  
at Kimberley on the charge of forwarding  
arms from the colony without permit, is  
also on heavy bail pending his trial, but it  
is expected his case will be summarily dealt  
with and disposed of.

These arms are alleged to have been used  
in the Transvaal revolt. It is pointed out  
that Rutherford, the Cape merchant, has  
already been fined \$100 for a similar fence,  
which is merely technical, the law being  
obscure.

## SUNSTROKE IN THE SNOW.

That's What a Sullivan County Man Began  
to Fear.

Middletown, N. Y., April 17.—The heat  
here to-day has been intense. It was 82  
at 7 a. m. and at 3 p. m. had reached 92½.  
William Johnson, aged twenty-eight years,  
was overcome by the heat.

A Sullivan County man, says that he was  
at work yesterday cutting telegraph poles  
on a tract of woodland near Fowlswood  
Point. The woods are thick and there was  
considerable snow on the ground, which the  
sun had not melted. His feet, from stand-  
ing in this melting snow, became very cold,  
and the heat of the sun beating down with  
all the intensity of midsummer on his  
head felt very strange. Fearing sunstroke,  
congestion of the brain or apoplexy, he  
had to quit work.

## HARRISON'S IDEA OF HOME.

He Says with Emphasis That It Is Not the  
White House.

Hartford, Conn., April 17.—William Har-  
rison Taylor, of Putnam, in telegraphing  
his congratulations to ex-President Har-  
rison, said: "May 'At Home' in the White  
House after November."

In his autograph reply General Harrison  
said: "I thank you for your telegram of con-  
gratulations and good wishes, so far as  
they relate to my domestic concerns, but I  
beg to enter a dissent from your political  
suggestion."